

## A THANKSGIVING OF THE PAST.

An old man, rambling farmhouse, set  
Far back among the trees,  
A broad walk leading up to it,  
A door which opens with ease.

A snow haired couple just inside,  
To greet you with a kind word,  
A merry welcome from a large  
And ever growing band.

The slow and solemn service, led  
By father's trembling voice,  
And hymns which stir the soul and make  
The weary heart rejoice.

The feast began round which we meet  
In joyous, happy throng,  
The stories of the year just past,  
The jest and laugh and song.

The glorious old fireplace, filled  
With crackling, glowing flame,  
The roasted apples, dried nuts—  
Do others taste the same?

The quiet nook upon the stairs,  
With only room for two,  
The downcast eyes, the sweet, soft voice  
That opened heaven to you—

Did ever modern Thanksgiving  
Contain such joy and bliss?  
Can theater or football game  
Bring happiness like this?

—Kansas City Times.

## A DAY ON THE SMOKY

"Breakfast now ready in the dining  
car!" yelled the cook, as he poked his  
round face through the flap of the tent.  
There was no answer from within. "Last  
call for breakfast!" he repeated. And this  
time there came a grunt from the depths  
of a canvas cot, and a head, surmounted  
by a woolen cap, protruded just far enough  
to allow its owner to see that dawn had  
scarcely broken.

"Say, isn't it going to snow?" queried  
the newly awakened.

"Not a cloud in the sky," answered the  
knight of the skillet. "You bet you'll  
have to work today, if it is Thanksgiving."

The newly awakened glided into a sitting  
posture. "Wake up there, Smiler," he  
shouted, slinging a shoe at a similar  
bundle, myself on the other side of the  
tent. A smothered groan was the response.  
Then the bundle began to move, a hand  
protruded from one end, a couple of spring  
hooks were unfastened, and a head, sim-  
ilar to the one already described, and fol-  
lowed by a long, skinny body, appeared on  
the scene, like a snake issuing from its  
hole.

You see, my blankets were sewed up into  
a kind of bag, just large enough to receive  
my body, and at night I crawled in and  
fastened up the end, thus keeping off the  
chilly air. When the weather was excep-  
tionally cold, I would take the additional  
precaution of inserting a small puppy into  
the orifice and kicking it down to the bot-  
tom, where the faithful animal would re-  
main until morning, emitting a cheerful  
warmth.

Though doated for the hours of slumber  
we were entirely clothed, with the excep-  
tion of shoes and coat.

"Beasty cold, Tom," I remarked to my  
companion, as I shivered into my coat and  
shook on my shoes.

"Worse and more of it," replied Tom,  
and, completely dressed, he disappeared  
through the tent door. In a moment I  
heard the strokes of a hatchet. It was  
only Tom breaking the ice in the water  
bucket. "It froze three inches last night,"  
he remarked, as I issued from the tent.  
"We'll have a day of it. I'll bet I freeze  
to death."

A little dab of water around the eyes  
and vigorous use of the towel comprised  
the extent of the morning's ablutions, and  
then we hurried into the cook tent, shiv-  
ering, and stretched our fingers over the  
comfortable warmth of the gasoline stove.  
The other men were already there, seated  
around the oilcloth covered table and de-  
vouring oatmeal by the bowl, fried eggs,  
hot biscuit and plums of delicious coffee  
from big granite cups, an example we were  
slow to follow.

But in spite of a good breakfast the sit-  
uation was pretty tough. This was the  
day that the president of the United States  
had declared should be given up to thank-  
sgiving, and which is from one end of the  
land to the other set apart for ruinous  
feasting, and here were these poor fellows,  
Uncle Sam's very servants, preparing to  
start out for a day's hard work, driving in  
the cutting wind, with stiffened fingers  
trying to diplet on paper the contour of  
the rolling plains. Of course we were go-  
ing to work. Men in the field never take  
holidays, especially toward the end of the  
surveying season, and the only Thank-  
sgiving we expected to have was a little  
better dinner than usual on the following  
Sunday.

We were camped within sight of the  
twin cupolas of Hays City, and were it not  
for the cottonwoods which line the course  
of Big creek, the abandoned military post  
of Fort Hays, with its decaying buildings,  
would have been plainly visible.

The sun had just risen when we pre-  
pared to get under way. The horses had  
been brought up to the wagons and fed—  
that is, all except my conscienceless Ches-  
apeake, who had nosed all his feed out on  
the frozen ground with an impatient toss  
of his head. At this period of his career,  
by the way, Chesapeake's wild oats had  
not yet been all sown. He evidently knew  
it was Thanksgiving day and expected  
some of the delicacies with which my in-  
dulgence had often supplied him. For  
Chesapeake was the only horse I ever heard  
of who liked fried chicken. He would pick  
the meat off a drumstick as daintily as  
you or I. Then, I always used to give him  
a bite of my pie at lunch time. He just  
loved pie—mince or pumpkin or lemon; it  
didn't seem to make any difference what  
kind it was, so it was pie. Perhaps the  
most remarkable thing, though, was  
olives. He'd eat all the pulp off and spit  
out the stone—why, it was simply beauti-  
ful.

Well, Chesapeake was hitched up to my  
buckboard and tied to the wagon. I load-  
ed in my map making stuff and put on  
my wraps—quite an ordeal, as I already  
had on two pairs of trousers, two vests, a  
knit jacket and a couple of coats. Then I  
had to don a pair of heavy felt boots over  
my shoes, over them a pair of goshawks  
lined with red flannel. My throat must be  
protected by a silk muffler. Then came  
the big overcoat, tightly buttoned. A woolen  
scarf was drawn over my hat and ears,  
and, after rolling into the buckboard,  
I wrapped myself carefully into a horse  
blanket and then put on big fur gloves  
over a lighter pair of dogskin. You might  
suppose all this would be enough to keep  
me warm, but I tell you there are not  
clothes enough made to protect a man  
from those prairie winds on an all day drive  
in an open vehicle.

After I was arranged to my satisfac-  
tion, Jake, the teamster, let go the head,  
and in a moment I had forded the creek  
and was striking southward on an angling  
road across the prairie toward the Smoky  
Hill river.

It didn't seem to get any warmer. A  
sort of mist had come up and obscured

the sun, and the wind was sharp and cut-  
ting. Gradually the cold penetrated layer  
after layer of my apparel, and when it  
reached me it didn't stop there, but went  
right on into my very bones. My feet were  
perfectly numb, my fingers were entirely  
out of the jurisdiction of my will. I shiv-  
ered and shook constantly, and my face—  
all that was visible of it—was probably  
ultramarine blue. But I kept on. There  
was a certain bend in the river which I  
was anxious to see and describe, and it  
would take good work to get there and  
back in a day.

I passed few houses, and these were  
mostly one storied affairs, roughly built of  
the native white stone and tenanted by a  
low class of immigrants, known, or rather  
unknown, to fame as "Boeshians."

It was about 11 o'clock when my refrig-  
erated self descended the steep bluff which  
borders the Smoky Hill river. The point  
I was aiming for was a couple of miles to  
the eastward, down the stream. Turning  
off the road, I passed through one of those  
inventions of Satan, a wire gate, drove  
swiftly over the crisp buffalo grass along  
the level river bottom and in 15 minutes  
more was just at the desired point. I  
sketched the bend in the river as carefully  
as my benumbed condition would allow,  
holding the pencil in my closed fist. One  
break that entered the river on the other  
side I could not see to my satisfaction. It  
was too conscientious to guess at it, so be-  
gan looking for a suitable place to cross.

Now, the Smoky at that point is not a  
very formidable river. In summer it dries  
up entirely, and in winter its depth aver-  
ages not over two or three feet. The bed  
is a stretch of sand a quarter of a mile  
wide, while of actual water there is not a  
third of that width. It is possible, with  
care, to cross in safety at frequent points,  
especially in a pasture, where the cattle  
keep the sand well packed down.

As I skirted the stream, looking for a  
place where it was possible to descend the  
bank to the river bend itself, I heard a  
sound as of the rolling of distant thunder.  
What could it be? I stopped and listened.  
Louder and louder it grew, a roar and a  
rattle that seemed to shake the earth. A  
little swell in the ground cut off any ex-  
tended view in the direction from which I  
had come. Waiting, I listened.

Suddenly on the crest of the swell out-  
lined against the sky, looking like a giant  
of its kind, appeared one of those wild,  
long horned Texas steers. Seeing me, he  
gave a surprised snort, turned his majes-  
tic head and uttered a bellow of instruc-  
tion to his followers, and then, as if de-  
cided that I was not a sufficient obstacle  
to cause embarrassment, started on a run  
down the slope straight toward me. Then  
the whole herd came into view—the solid  
tossing mass of lowered heads and waving  
tails plunging in the leader's wake. There  
must have been a thousand of them, but to  
my excited imagination they seemed to  
darken the whole horizon, and they were  
coming with an impetus that apparently  
nothing could withstand.

Certain death stared me in the face. The  
river was before me, and at the point  
where I stood a precipitous bank, four or  
five feet high, said as plainly as a sign-  
board, "No thoroughfare." Right in the  
bend of the stream as I was, escape seemed  
impossible. The cattle were closing in as  
in a funnel. Their sharp horns I could  
already see red with my blood and could  
picture to myself the mangled mass of  
flesh and man their mad stampede would  
leave behind.

Chesapeake was by no means unaware  
of the danger. With the open blade which  
I always used he could see as near as I,  
and he began to rear and plunge, uncer-  
tain as I in what direction safety lay.

Could I divide that living storm, caus-  
ing it to pass me as an island? I had heard  
of such things in buffalo days. Still in my  
confined position on the seat of the buck-  
board, fettered by my many garments and  
swaddled in the blanket, and holding my  
frightened horse with one hand, I took off  
my gloves with my teeth and drew my re-  
volver from the little pocket in the dash-  
board where I always carried it, for I  
sometimes amused myself popping at jack  
rabbits. My fingers were so stiff with the  
cold, even this excitement not having  
warmed me up, that I despaired of being  
able to pull the trigger.

The leader was almost upon me, his  
horns lowered, his wicked, blazing eyes  
taking in this intruding and unfamiliar  
combination with a most terrifying effect.  
With a supreme effort of will my numb  
finger pressed the sensitive trigger.

Bang, the report rang in my ears. Did  
I hit him? I never knew. Chesapeake,  
nervous and excited already, leaped at the  
sound of the pistol like an arrow from a  
bow. Entirely beyond my control, he flew  
over the bank with me and into the icy  
water. The pistol was thrown from my  
hand, and I from the vehicle.

I struck face first and went completely  
under. My, but the water was cold! It  
went to my very marrow. But with grim  
determination I held on to the line. Not  
a moment did Chesapeake pause, but  
plunged through the freezing river, drag-  
ging in his wake the front wheels and  
myself, the remnant of his disintegrated  
load, until we reached the sandy shore op-  
posite. Then, for a wonder, he stopped.  
Not such a wonder either, for to drag by  
the bit through that soft sand such a dead  
weight as I was enough to stop even Ches-  
apeake. I, more dead than alive, lay  
stretched out, a bedraggled, nervous ob-  
ject.

The cattle didn't go into the river at all.  
Whether my pistol shot halted them or  
whether the watery channel had turned their  
course, I could not say. But the fact  
is that when I stood again on my feet  
there they were, bellowing and tossing  
their horns, on the bank, and as I watched  
them by some unknown signal they turned  
and started with one impulse back as they  
had come, heads down and tails up, not  
nearly so terrifying a sight, now that they  
were going away as fast as they could run.

I was naturally uncomfortable, but  
didn't know just how to improve my situ-  
ation at once.

Why didn't I make a fire and dry my-  
self? I have heard of burning sand. They  
have it in Africa, but this wasn't that  
kind. My teeth chattered a little accom-  
paniment to the tenor of my thoughts, and  
the water dripped off my garments and  
made a puddle around my feet, so that I  
had to move at intervals to keep from get-  
ting any wetter, while Chesapeake stood  
idly by, waiting for something to turn up,  
the buckboard probably, and wondering  
if it wasn't almost time for lunch and pie.

"This is Thanksgiving," said I to my  
equine companion, as I spat some sand out  
of my mouth. "Turkey? Cranberry sauce?  
Not for your Uncle Smiler this year. Ches-  
apeake, we'll go on, and the first house we  
come to, even be it a one room dugout,  
there we'll spend the rest of our Thank-  
sgiving and go back to camp tomorrow.  
My dinner will consist of sour bread and  
fat pork with the bristles on; yours will be  
wet straw."

After this melancholy homily, driving  
Chesapeake and the front wheels before me,  
and postponing the rescuing of my be-  
longings until some more favorable time,  
I started across the sand and up the low

bank. As I reached the summit I eagerly  
cast my eyes about for the expected dug-  
out.

What was that I saw a mile or so away?  
One, two, three windmills rising out of  
what looked like a city in the earlier stages  
of its growth. There seemed to be barns  
and houses and sheds and corrals enough  
for all the people and all the cattle in the  
county. I cogitated a moment, then an  
idea—a pleasant idea—struck me, and I  
directed my course toward the newly dis-  
covered goal. "This," I said, by way of  
explanation to Chesapeake, "is Birch's  
ranch, that we hear so much about. We're  
right in one of his pastures now, and I  
didn't have sense enough to know it." This  
was evidently satisfactory to Ches-  
apeake, for he pricked up his ears and  
moved on at a good gait. Perhaps he  
smiled, too.

Birch was indeed a well known name in  
that part of the country. His ranch, the  
largest anywhere around, embraced thou-  
sands of acres of fertile prairie, over which  
wandered myriads of cattle. His beauti-  
ful residence in Hays I had frequently  
seen and had heard the wildest accounts of  
the elegance of his rural home.

"We shall see," thought I, "whether or  
not I shall get the entire to my select cir-  
cle. I don't suppose I do look very invit-  
ing."

I tied my long suffering quadruped to a  
fence post, and with joy in my heart and  
ice water in my boots passed up the walk  
to the largest of the houses—a big, square,  
buff colored structure with broad piazzas,  
which at another season might have been  
described as inviting.

"Please tell Mr. Birch I would like to  
see him," I said to the housemaid who  
answered my vigorous ring at the bell.

"Walk in, sir," was the response, and I  
was conducted into a large, airy reception  
room where blazed a cheerful fire. It  
certainly did feel good to get close to that  
fire. I took off the rest of my gloves, and  
untying my scarf removed my hat. I un-  
buttoned my coats and allowed the grate-  
ful warmth to penetrate the rest of my  
garments, and a vapor rising from the  
damp clothes made me look like an en-  
cased cherub riding in a cloud.

A door opened and Mr. Birch entered.  
A short, thickset man he was, with a sun-  
tanned face, a little gray mustache and  
small, twinkling eyes. He shook my hand  
with a heartiness that made me feel at  
home immediately, and as soon as he dis-  
covered how wet and cold I was a room,  
gallons of hot water and a whole layout  
of dry clothes were at my disposal in a  
jiffy.

It is true, the clothes were from the  
wardrobe of Mr. Birch himself, who mea-  
sured 11 inches more around the waist  
than I did, besides being a foot or so  
shorter. But what did I care for that? I  
put them on and went down to the parlor,  
where the family were assembled, and the  
hearty reception they gave me made me  
feel quite happy, even if my collar was a  
bit and my makeup altogether ludicrous.

Faithful old Chesapeake had a heaping  
measure of oats for his Thanksgiving din-  
ner, served in a clean, warm stall. No  
putting on airs now about eating them  
either, for the day's hard experience had  
temporarily sobered his wayward spirit.  
If his desert was mising, he took it philo-  
sophically. I thought of him when I was  
at dinner, but couldn't muster the courage  
to ask Mrs. Birch for a piece of pie for  
Chesapeake when I had already eaten two  
myself.—Frank Howard Seely in *Pash-  
finder*.

### Be Truly Thankful.

Thanksgiving has mellowed and become  
a true home festival, an occasion of fami-  
ly reunion and friendly greeting. Absent  
children come home from long distances  
to sit around the family table once a year.  
Near relatives and old friends join the  
gathering, and the young people, their en-  
thusiasm stirred by the turkey and pump-  
kin pies, enter into the games and frolics  
with a zest that belongs to no other day  
of the whole year. One who is not thank-  
ful on that day must be unhappy indeed. But  
it need not be wholly a jubilee for our-  
selves. As far as possible, within the scope  
of our means and influence, we should try  
to make it a day of real thanksgiving and  
happiness for others less fortunately sit-  
uated. By abundant kindness, love, chari-  
ty, generosity and hospitality, then, no  
less than by feasting, let us demonstrate  
the joyful gratitude we feel in our own  
hearts and thus render to our loving Fa-  
ther above the best of all Thanksgiving  
offerings.—Christian Herald.

### Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving has been called the Ameri-  
can Christmas, but it is of quite different  
origin and purpose. It is not a religious  
festival connected with any incident in  
the history of the church, although there  
are appropriate religious observances, but  
it is a day of Thanksgiving for a successful  
year, for bountiful crops and general pro-  
sperity. It comes when all the harvests  
have been garnered, when the farmer can  
return thanks that he had done so well,  
and that there is enough for him and his  
family and all those dependent on him  
from the pilgrims, from whom we borrow  
the holiday, this was not always the case,  
and many were the winters when Thank-  
sgiving day could not be celebrated, when  
the people were hungry and when famine and  
disease stalked through the land.—New  
Orleans Times-Democrat.

### The Turkey Came.

Years ago an old dandy whose master  
had some fine, fat turkeys made up his  
mind that he must have one of those tur-  
keys, and, as he tells the story, he set to  
work to get it by prayer. "I prayed to de-  
Lord," he said, "that he would send me  
one of dem turkeys. I prayed dat way  
mornin and ebenin for a week, but still  
dat turkey didn't come, and I tells you my  
mouth was jes a-waterin for it. So I says  
to mysef 'I must change dat prayer, and  
so I prayed one ebenin dat de Lord would  
send me after de turkey, and, brethren,  
dat turkey was here before daylight.'"—  
Exchange.

### Early Thanksgiving Days.

The first recorded Thanksgiving was  
the Hebrew feast of the tabernacles.  
There have been, but two English  
Thanksgivings in this century. One was  
on Feb. 27, 1873, for the recovery of the  
Prince of Wales from illness; the other,  
June 21, 1887, for the queen's jubilee.

The New England Thanksgiving dates  
from 1633, when the Massachusetts Bay  
colony set apart a day for Thanksgiving.

The first national Thanksgiving procla-  
mations were by congress during the Revo-  
lutionary war.

The first great American Thanksgiving  
day was in 1794 for the declaration of  
peace. There was one more national  
Thanksgiving in 1799, and no other till  
1863, when President Lincoln issued a na-  
tional proclamation for a day of Thank-  
sgiving. Since that time the president has  
issued an annual proclamation.—St.  
Louis Post Dispatch.

## JOHN ALDEN'S DINNER

### FRUGAL REPAST OF A THANKSGIVING LONG AGO.

Thanks There Were A-plenty For Divine  
Mercy—Escape of Hunters From the In-  
dians—Miles Standish's Vanity—From a  
Diary of 1630.

This year it pleased God of his rich  
grace to transport over into ye bay of Mas-  
sachusetts divers honorable personages  
and manye worthy Christians, wherebye  
the Lord began in a manifest manner and  
way to make known ye grante thoughts  
which he had of planting ye gospel in this  
remote and barbarous wilderness and hon-  
oring his own way instituted worship,  
causing such and so many to adhere there-  
unto and fall upon ye practice thereof.  
Among ye rest, a chief one among them,  
was that famous pattern of pietie and  
justice, Mr. John Winthrop, ye first gov-  
ernor of ye jurisdiction, accompanied  
with divers other persons, sons of Sion  
which might be compared to ye most  
true gold, amongst whom I might also  
name that reverend and worthy man,  
John Wilson, eminent for love and zeal.  
It pleased ye Lord to exercise them with  
much sickness, and being destitute of  
housing and shelter, and lying up and  
down in booths, some of them languished  
and died. A pestilence fever swept away  
many of ye Indians.

Last spring there was a numerous com-  
pany of flies, which were alike for bigness  
unto wasps or humbebees. They came  
out of little holes in ye ground, and did  
eat up ye green things, and made such a  
constant yelling noise as made ye woods  
ring of them and ready to deafen ye hear-  
ers. I had never seen their like, but ye  
Indians said sickness would follow, and so  
it did. Our excellent governor did well to  
appoint a day when ye good people can  
after a more special manner rejoice to-  
gether. And although ye weather is very  
hot, much more so than we ever knew in  
old England in ye month of June, and ye  
harvest is not yet gathered, we can be  
thankful to ye Lord that we have escaped  
ye persecutions of ye olde world and have  
been miraculously preserved to each other.

And there have been divers and sundry  
special providences. Indeed our being here  
instead of landing at ye Hudson river, as  
we intended, is of itself a providence.  
Then mooste especially do we give thanks  
that a part of our crop has been saved  
from the mildew, and that, while many of  
our good fellows have been taken away  
through God's mercy many of our  
lives have been graciously spared. And  
ye last providence was but yesterday, when  
the four fowlers whom our excellent gov-  
ernor sent out for provisions were spared  
in a miraculous way. They had gone deep  
into ye woods in search for game, and  
hearing stealthy footsteps knew that there  
were unfriendly savages near. They could  
see no one, but hearing a sharp twig,  
an arrow sped through ye bushes of Wil-  
low. This was followed by a shower of  
arrows coming from every side, some of  
which went through ye coats and hats of  
ye fowlers, but none was killed, and they  
returned with much game.

This afternoon we gathered at ye home  
of Mysterse Priscilla Alden, where were  
all ye good neighbors.

Captain Miles Standish was there, great-  
ly honored for ye service he has done, but  
ye hand of ye Lord is upon him, and his  
health is breaking. I told him so, and he  
became angry, for his weakness is his  
vanitie, as it was when he was the sutor  
for ye hand of Mysterse Priscilla Alden  
while she was yet a maiden. Forsooth,  
the manner of ye house bestirred olde  
memories, for she is a model housewife,  
comely and God fearing. John and Mys-  
terse Alden have been diligent in spirit  
and in action. Each log that went into  
ye building of their house is neatly hewn  
and fastened in its place with clay. No  
uncleanly things are upon ye walls, noth-  
ing but a picture, which was brought from  
olde England, that they persuaded ye min-  
ister to allow them to keepe, notwithstanding  
that it might be accounted vanitie.

Then there are ye fowling pieces and  
powder horns above ye doore, and I am  
tolde that Mysterse Alden puts new  
greased paper in ye windows every day,  
that it may always be clear. Ye good logs,  
of which ye house is made, are scrubbed  
and sanded every morning, ye andirons  
are always bright. John has made benches  
of hickory that all who visit him may be  
seated, and ye spinning wheel shows that  
it is not often idle.

But today ye company was too many to  
be in ye house, and ye tables were set out  
under ye four big elm trees and ye two  
oaks that are between ye house and ye  
garden. There were but some parched corn  
and ye game ye fowlers brought, but it  
was plenty, and when our excellent gov-  
ernor, Mr. John Winthrop, and those godly  
men who were governor, Mr. William  
Bradford and Mr. Edward Winslow, called  
upon God to bless us and set forth ye  
manifeste mercies that we had enjoyed,  
we were humbled in ye sight of God and  
felt our grante unworthiness, for we had  
often repined, and many of us had even  
murmured at our portions.

There was one unregenerate young  
man present who had wore a blew rib-  
bon which she had hidden when she came  
over in ye good ship Mayflower. To her,  
our excellent governor gave a rebuke and  
wisely taught her humilitie and meekness.  
I trust that it will crush ye rebellious  
spirit within her that can come only of  
Satan, and she will be willing to appear  
like unto other maidens, without adorn-  
ment as God intended. Her features are  
very comely, which must be a grante trial  
to her father and mother, who are fond  
of bringing to beaute of face cometh from  
Satan, to bring about temptation to vanitie.  
I had never before seen how comely she is,  
and I think that I am called to know her  
better, that I may correct her and guard  
her from ye temptation of worldlie affairs.  
She has much brain, but talks in a man-  
ner unbecoming to a woman, who should  
be meek and silent, especially in ye pres-  
ence of men in authority. She even spoke  
without honor of Ann Hutchinson, who  
has so far forgot her womanly modestie  
and injures persons of holy writ as to speak  
in publick upon matters pertaining to ye  
salvation of souls. It is clear that I have  
a call to know her better and point out  
ye ungodliness and ye future punishment  
that awaits her behavior.—Cincinnati En-  
quirer.

### An After Dinner Novelty.

A novel idea for a family Thanksgiving  
party is to have the maid appear at the end  
of the dinner bearing on a silver salver a  
very real looking turkey. The turkey  
should be made of paper mache stuffed  
with tiny souvenirs. Gay ribbons are  
scattered over the breast and lower part  
of the turkey—a ribbon for each guest. When  
the ribbon is pulled, out comes a present.  
Children, and old folks, too, will enjoy this  
immensity.—New York World.

## THANKSGIVING DAVE FROLICK.

### Suggestions For an Entertainment in the Style of Ye Olde Tyme.

Sufficiently in advance to allow your  
friends time for preparation send out in-  
vitations to ye olde tyme Thanksgiving  
dave frolick, and intimate therein that  
appropriate costuming, in strict simplicity,  
is expected. The young women should  
wear petticoats and aprons and add the  
slight touch necessary to turn the prevail-  
ing tone of hairdressing back one last  
further in quaintness. The men must  
copy in dress Brother Jonathan's portraits.  
Have merely a violin, the "fiddle" of early  
days, for music and dance gay country  
dances—the quadrille, Dan Tucker, Vir-  
ginia reel, and so on, with calling off.  
The brighter the people that can be  
brought together and the better the acting  
of the parts the greater the success of the  
entertainment of course.

Cover the drawing room carpet with  
crash, not only to assist dancing, but also  
to give an impression of bare floor plain-  
tiveness. Move away or cover up all elab-  
orate bric-a-brac and sumptuous furni-  
ture. Decorate with cornstalks, cedar  
boughs, pumpkins and strings of red pep-  
pers. A barrel or two of bright apples  
standing about would also add to the gen-  
eral effectiveness. In a conspicuous po-  
sition place a table holding a tray of mol-  
asses and a large plain white pitcher of  
sweet cider for the guests' occasional re-  
freshment. If there is an open fireplace in  
the room, popping corn there might prove  
a pleasant change from the dancing, the  
operation forming a pivot upon which to  
hang amusing old time stories and "sing-  
in schule" songs, both in solo and chorus.  
All this intersepe with the eating of  
peppercorn and apples and the drinking of  
cider.

Rolling dancing should end the even-  
ing whatever the other diversions intro-  
duced may have been. And the old time  
"groaning board" must be spread in the  
dining room with early day favorite dishes  
—roast turkey and little pig served whole,  
baked beans and brown bread, Indian  
pudding, hot biscuits and rusks, cucumber  
and mango pickles, pot cheese, apple but-  
ter, damson preserves, fruit and pound  
cake and doughnuts, coffee with rich  
cream and glasses of milk.

These hints followed in barest outline  
will make a novel and pleasing entertain-  
ment. But each extra effort in detail will  
tell just so much in the general attrac-  
tiveness of the result. Every touch of realism  
in the hostess' arrangements, every quaint  
bit of phraseology or manner in the guests,  
will add greatly to the charm of the event.  
—Philadelphia Times.

### THE OLD AND THE NEW.

#### Thanksgiving Dinner Menu of Olde Time and of Recent Date.

The olde fashioned Thanksgiving table  
groaned beneath a superabundance of good  
things. In the country especially there  
was enough laid before the holiday guest  
to keep a small family well supplied with  
food for a year. To express the plenitude  
of the larger seemed to be the ruling pas-  
sion for the time being, and to partake lib-  
erally was the highest compliment one  
could pay to the host and hostess.

In the end of the century days an olde  
fashioned Thanksgiving table would fill  
us with feelings of distrust. We have grown  
more dainty, or perhaps it is more dyspep-  
tic, and we tempt our appetites with the  
chops in lace paper frills and sandwiches  
tied with pink ribbon. In the days of the  
good olde Thanksgiving a well spread table  
was not considered complete unless it was  
provided with all of the following dishes.  
Here is an olde fashioned Thanksgiving  
menu:

Roast turkey.	Oysterv stew.
Spareribs.	Roast chicken.
Sausages.	Head cheese.
Mashed potatoes.	Hot saw.
Boiled onions.	Turnips.
Raised biscuits.	Pickles.
Currant jelly.	White bread.
Honey in the comb.	Preserves.
	Fruit cake.
	Doughnuts.
	Mince, apple, and pumpkin pies.
	Cheese.
	Apples and nuts.
	Cider.
	Tea and coffee.

Times have changed since then, and eat-  
ing has become more of a secondary con-  
sideration. The modern Thanksgiving  
dinner must be good and well cooked. It  
must contain a variety of dishes, but they  
must be dainty and have sauces and dress-  
ings and garnishings suggestive of the  
day.

Delmonico's chef gives the following as  
his idea of a fin de siecle Thanksgiving  
feast:

Oysters.
Mock turtle soup.
Rissoles of sweetbread.
Boiled bass, with cream sauce.
Potatoes hollandaise.
Turkey stuffed with chestnuts.
Oyster fritters, with cranberry jelly.
Broiled breast of mallard duck.
Celery salad, with mayonnaise.
Requet-fort.
Mince pie.
Ice cream.
Fruit.
Cafe.

### Share Your Joy With Others.

The pilgrim colonists shared the first  
Thanksgiving feast with Massachusetts  
and his 90 Indians. We should invite to ours  
not only those near and dear to us, but  
some of those others who would eat it in  
solitude if we did not remember them. To  
many minds this will seem an almost un-  
justifiable sacrifice of the coziness of the  
family party. The blessedness of giving  
and of giving something more than of our  
material substance will compensate for it.  
Those who have never known what it is  
to be alone in the world or even tempo-  
rarily divided from their own kindred can-  
not conceive what it is to the solitary ones  
to be welcomed into a home. A far more  
substantial benefit would not give a tithe  
of the pleasure that is felt when its doors  
unclose to them.—Exchange.

### Delicacies of Olde Feasts.

If we go back to the days of Queen Eliz-  
abeth, only a short time previous to the  
Plymouth thanksgiving cooked in the  
woods, we shall find some curious dishes  
in vogue. There was pickled grouse, with  
cloves and ginger; soured turkey, boiled  
in white wine and vinegar and soaked for  
a month; "pear puddings," containing no  
pears, but made of cold fowl chopped up  
with flour, currants, eggs, cream, etc., and  
then fashioned into the form of pears and  
baked. Among the delicacies of the age  
can be enumerated omelets of mallow  
stalks, cheese made of quince, harshbom  
jelly, stalks of tulips cooked like pears,  
apple sirup and candied fruits.—Christian  
Work.

### Dressing the Turkey For the Table.

The turkey brought to the table for